

CAMPANALOGIA.

A

P O E M,

IN PRAISE OF

R I N G I N G.

BY THE

Author of The SHRUBS of PARNASSUS.

*by
William Mottey.*

L O N D O N :

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CAMPANAFOGIA

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Re 9 Mr 14. 1845
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M E O P

TO THE AUTHOR

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GENIUS

ANTUA

Author of The Genius of Panmasee.

JOHN DODD
Editor of the AUTHORITY
and THE LIBRARY
and MEDICAL

THE OXFORD SHIPWRECK

To the SOCIETY of

COLLEGE-YOUTHS,

A N D

To all RINGERS in general,

THIS POEM.

(Being the first Attempt of the kind)

Is Inscribed,

With great Respect,

By their most obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

COLLEGE-YOUTH

C N D.

To All RINGERS in Germany

M E B O T H I T

(Ballad of the Author of the Ballad)

With Best Wishes

John Newell Schuyler

The AUTHOR

CAMPANALOGIA.

YE sacred Nine! assist a daring bard
Who scorns the vulgar hackney'd road to fame
Parnassian—One who aims, elate with hope
Adventurous, to reach your sweet abodes
Through paths, which poet never trod before;
Oh! harmonize my numbers, while I sing
The Art of Ringing. Let the measure sound,
Tuneful as is my theme, nor think it aught
Ignoble, insignificant. For health
This exercise awaits—and hence the nerves
Brace into strength. Hence too the life-blood rolls
In sprightlier torrents through the swelling veins,
And ev'ry manly muscle looks robust
Such as distended great Alcides' arms.
To you, my countrymen! I strike the lyre,
Ye Britons! who delight to ring the change
Of bells melodious. Smile! oh! smile applause,

Ye festive COLLEGE-YOUTHS. Attend my song,
And let the sentiment supply the rhyme.

Critics! to your good nature much I owe.
But should your taste this barren choice condemn,
I shall not weep. I shall not rend my hair,
Nor let my tongue speak aught in your dispraise.
Enough for me, if those for whom I breathe
The voluntary pipe, applaud the lay.
First the youths try one single bell to sound,
For to perfection who can hope to rise,
Or climb the steep of science, but the man,
Who builds on steady principles alone,
And method regular! Not he who aims
To plunge at once into the midst of art,
Self-confident and vain. Amaz'd he stands
Confounded and perplex'd, to find he knows
Least, when he thinks himself the most expert.
As well the school-boy might assume the stile
Of rhetoricians, and as well declaim
In British periods, whom his tutor taught
Beginning at the alphabet's extreme.

In order due to Rounds they next proceed,
And each attunes numerical in turn.
Adepts in this, on three bells they essay

Their

Their infant skill. Complete in this, they try
 Their strength on four, and musically bold
 Full four and twenty changes they repeat.
 Next, as in practice, gradual they advance,
 Ascending unto five, they ring a peal
 Of Grandfires, pleasing to a tuneful soul.
 On they proceed to six. What various peals
 Join'd with plain Bobs loud echo thro' the air,
 While ev'ry ear drinks in th' harmonick sound !
 With Grandfire-triples then the steeple shakes
 On seven with tenor behind. From eight alone
 The musical Bob-major next is heard.
 Cators with tenor behind on nine they ring,
 On ten Bobs-royal — from eleven, Cinques
 Accompanied with tenor, forth they pour,
 And the Bob-maximus results from twelve.

These are the rules, on which depends the art.
 But yet from these, far other peals are heard
 Of infinite variety. Suffice,
 The chief are mentioned. Endless were the task
 To record and enumerate the whole.
 To you, ye seniors ! I submit, pleas'd most
 To stand corrected there, where most I err.

Hail to thee, GEARY! tho' expert of skill
 In matters naval — tho' the azure deep
 Thou know'st — tho' navigation has disclos'd
 Her stores to thee, and pregnated thy mind
 With useful knowledge.— Yet dost thou vouchsafe
 To patronize this manly British art.
 Nor BLACKWELL! thou, not least, altho' the last,
 In silence be forgotten. At thy fame
 Detraction lays her finger on her lip,
 Tho' fullen, yet convinc'd, and (truth to tell!)
 Envy herself to admiration turns.

But HARDHAM! shall my young, good-natur'd muse
 Be silent in thy praise ! No — she applauds
 Thy strict sincerity of mind, and deigns
 To call thee no mean patron of this art.
 Nor may'st thou blush to own it, since thy soul
 With *milk of human kindness* is replete,
 And truth and open honesty are thine.
 Long may'st thou live accompanied with health,
 The sweetest, comeliest progeny of Jove!
 Without whose présence, all that meets the eye,
 Wears an unpleasing aspect, and the hand
 Of wealth devolves her golden tide in vain.

Be others pleas'd with trifling gew-gaw sights
 Unmeaning—but let me behold a band
 Selected, and of twelve compos'd, with arms
 Ascending, and descending, stand, while health
 Sits wreathing roses on their damask cheek,
 And jocund pleasure dances in their eyes ;
 While ev'ry bell strikes true, and not a note
 Of jarring discord hurts attention's ear.

Toe-wracking gout ! be gone — with limping foot
 Hobble on other ground. To man of ease
 Who fits in pamper'd state in elbow-chair
 Thy steps direct. He shall support thee long
 And wrap thee in the flannel's warmest coat.

BELLS what can equal! Is not public joy
 By them demonstrated, when gales benign
 Waft o'er victorious news — when Prussia's king,
 Pours his dread thunder o'er th' ensanguin'd field
 Scatt'ring the Austrian host, while all dismay'd
 Their leaders own him victor of the day.

These too the sacred, nuptial tie proclaim,
 And ev'ry sound, and ev'ry varied peal,
 Call smiles of transport from the happy pair.
 “ Can none remember — yes, I'm sure — all must

When gracious CHARLOTTE, prime of all her sex,
The QUEEN of rare accomplishment arriv'd,
How ev'ry bell divulg'd it thro' the isle,
And ev'ry steeple nodded high applause.
These in most climes, but most in British land
Tell to the travelling winds their monarch's birth.
Oft as the annual blessed day returns
For thee, oh GEORGE! superior they aspire
And bid the nation triumph at thy name.
Ev'n grief lifts up her melancholy head,
Wipes from her face the slow-descending tear,
And for a day grows convert unto mirth.

Go! view the rural region, where the blush
Of innocence is seen; where health imprints
Her kisses on the cheek. Soon as the peal,
By rusticks rung, each virgin's ear salutes,
How blithe her eye! how sprightly is her mien!
And ev'ry stripling gambols with delight.
Ev'n infants, hanging at their mother's breast,
Quit the sweet nutriment, their pleasure smile
Ineffable, clench hard their little hands,
And seem convuls'd with agonies of joy.
Echo, coy nymph, who loves to dwell unseen,
Unrival'd mistress of uncounted sounds,
Dear memory's sister-twin, her voice exalts

Mellifluous,

Mellifluous, and ever fond to learn
Repeats distinct the bold harmonious tones.

Nor you, ye social spirits ! let me pass
Un-notic'd, who around the festive board,
With hand-bells charm the minutes. Tho' ye shine
In miniature, not less ye merit praise.
Indulge your honest joy. By turns regale
Your chearful hearts with nectar from the vine
But let sobriety present the glass.
Yours is the tie of friendship. Yours the bond
Till death indissoluble. Long in mirth
May ye survive, and bid old care good night !
And if the Muse can prophesy with truth
Your names shall flourish, longer than the verse
Of him who aims to register your praise.
Far better thus to close the mirthful eve
If scandal be away, and mad excess
That drowns the strugling soul. Far better thus
Than at one fatal cast to sink your fame
And substance to perdition, or to tire
Your constitution in the harlot's arms.

Now rise accordant. Pull the pendent ropes.
Bid ev'ry bell strike true. The noble touch
Rouses the lethargy, that clogs my mind,

And

And prompts me on to action. Swell my heart,
 And dance without controul! for sweeter far
 These lofty sounds, than those dead, languid airs,
 That tremble on an instrument of wire;
 As far superior as th' expressive notes
 Of BEARD and LOWE are to the eunuch's trills.

Britons! arise — resume the reins of taste,
 And let the natives of your isle receive
 Your amplest tribute of deserv'd applause;
 For whilst 'tis yours to boast an ARNE or BOYCE,
 No skill is wanting from a foreign land.

A N

A N

O D E,

To be Sung at the annual Feast.

(Tune, The Early Horn.)

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE annual day, once more with joy returns,
 And pleasure brightens in each sparkling eye,
 To usher in the feast ;
 The jocund feast, where smiling plenty fills her co-
 pious horn,
 And pours her bounteous gifts with lavish hand.
 The God of Wine, his welcome visit pays,
 And brings the nectar of empurpl'd grapes.
 The sons of humour smile immense applause,
 Each object to the mirthful scene invites :
 But most this room, where ravishingly sweet,
 Harmonious Hand-bells lull the ear,
 And rivet each attentive COLLEGE-YOUTH.
 Each lively stroke a different change diffuses round,
 And gives new spirits to the festive board.

A M I A R.

Ye youths so gay!
 To hail this day,
 Your cheerful music bring.
 No sound excels,
 The fine-ton'd bells,
 When merrily they ring.
 The list'ning crowd around,
 Their joy reveal,
 To hear the peal,
 All, all, applaud th' enliv'ning sound.

THE END.